THE

MEDICAL PROFESSION,

ITS POSITION AND ITS CLAIMS

AS

A SCIENCE, A BUSINESS, AND AN ART.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

EZRA M. HUNT, M.D.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY, AT ITS NINETY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING, HELD AT BURLINGTON, JANUARY 24TH, 1865.

New York:
F. SOMERS, PRINTER,
NO. 32 BEEKMAN STREET.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be tendered Dr. E. M. Hunt for his Address, and that a copy be requested for publication with the Transactions.

After remarks by Dr. J. H. Griscom, of New York City, Dr. E. S. F. Arnold, of Yonkers, Prof. T. Green, M. D., of Easton, Pa., Dr. L. A. Smith, of Newark, and Dr. T. J. Corson, of Trenton, it was further

Resolved, That 500 extra copies of the President's Address be printed for general distribution.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

It is my high privilege, this evening, gentlemen, to welcome you to the returned anniversary of the State Medical Society of New Jersey. Ninety-nine years of its existence are now joined to the memories of the past, and the fresh, dewy dawn of its hundredth natal morn is already casting its twilight shadows upon us. Venerable with the acquirements of age, yet vigorous with the energy of youth, it again welcomes us to the council-board of professional re-union, and bids us exchange the kindred sympathies of a mutual art.

We come together to review the medical history of the year, to maintain the true courtesy of our calling, to pay deference to the mementoes of the past, to measure the claims and progress of our science, to join the hands of a genial friendship, and to bid each other God-speed in all that relates to the true advancement of the noble profession to which are devoted the stirring energies of our manhood.

But a temporary sadness comes over my heart as I proceed to the duty which devolves upon me. I can not forget that since last we met, from among the honored members of this Society, one has fallen, who, each returning year, was wont to greet us here, with all the warmth of personal and professional attachment. You have not forgotten his last utterance in our midst. It was a plea in behalf of the interests of unfortunate humanity; in which the arguments, derived from elaborate investigation, were presented with the earnest voice and the thrilling enthusiasm of a living sympathy. He felt that while

others may be philanthropists by occasion, the physician is such also by profession; and, had he known his time to be so short, he could not have pronounced a valedictory more consonant with himself, or said parting words more worthy of his honored memory. The name of Condit, for his own sake, as well as for his father's sake, will not be forgotten by us; and the mantle of their honor shall inspire us to be faithful to our profession, to humanity, and to God.

But my duty to-night is not so much to speak of our cherished dead, as to the living members of a living profession. I beg that you will pardon me the formality of an extended introduction, and permit me to propose, as the subject of address this evening,

OUR PROFESSION IN ITS THREE-FOLD RELATIONS, AS A SCIENCE, A BUSINESS, AND AN ART.

At the very outset of student life, Medicine is presented to us as a science, vast in the area which it encompasses; and when years of practice have added to the treasuries of knowledge and experience, its claims as such are ever impressing themselves upon us. And yet we have stout and sturdy criticisms, to meet us, in respect to it. In the midst of our soarings to its heights, our penetration into its depths, our measurings of its lengths and its breadths, the world stands up, and, striking a blow at its foundations, asks, "Is it a science at all." Men, perhaps learned in other respects, but ignorant as to *it*, too often bring it to their false judgment-bars, and, from isolated facts and vague generalities, give sentence in the negative. The poet that thrills me with the real philosophy of verse, presides over a college for graduating quacks. My city pastor gives diluted tinctures to his complaining horse; and a learned theological professor, by the identical argument, which, if applied to his own theme of instruction, would land him and it into hideous infidelity, assumes that the human organism, and its relations to disease and remedies, is so mysterious and complex, that it is safest to rely upon a system which can do no harm. Many thus (who are well instructed in the other

sciences or in literature) infer that they are abundantly competent to decide upon this. Now and then a physician who, because he cannot understand everything, concludes he understands nothing, by the false logic of doubt falls into the same error; and even a late President of the Excelsior State Society has announced the doctrine that Medicine, as an art, has never been profited by Medicine as a science. In mind, as in nature, centripetal and centrifugal forces sometimes loose their co-ordinate action; the orbit is disturbed, and great planets become little asteroids. History had its Gibbon, as a man, a downfall like that of Rome; philosophy its Voltaire; astronomy its La Place; and Religion its Colenso; and the fact that now and then a great soul goes overboard from the vessel which moves, even upon unfathomed depths, as on a friendly element, only shows the occasional frailty of reason, in contrast with the substantial basis of truth.

If we could submit this whole question to antiquity, and to the confirmed verdict of the ages, we should have no trouble. The ancients saw in man, even as to his body, a condensation of human knowledge, and an object for scientific research, such as was presented in no other created thing, and thus made of the "γνωνῖ ȝεαυτον" a science by itself.

They viewed the human form as the grandest idea of nature, developed it by the skill of the athlete, sculptured it in the choicest of Parian marble, painted it in enduring colors on speaking canvass, and when they found an art whose design was to preserve it, they called it the Science of Physic—not physic in the paltry sense of drugs, but φυσις, Nature's grand embodiment, its most meaning text; and amid all the false systems of medical theory and medical practice, that have gleamed across the galaxy of almost every decade, with Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, as its patron deity, it has preserved for us that which it fears not to send word along the wires of time is the true science and art of medicine. But this 19th century will not take antiquity at its word. It is a mighty doubter—full of endless questionings. Human thought seeks new channels. There is more excitement and vivacity

in a freshet, breaking over into new courses, than in the ocean staying where it belongs, lasting portraiture of the unchanged Infinite.

Men say not the old is better, but give us the new, bubbling and boiling though it may be with scum. The old Falernian will not do. Champaigne and carbon gas are more representative. In government, in law, in ethics, they call in question the grand consolidations and expressions of the past. America, especially, with its vindicated nationality, its stirring activity in all that relates to mind or matter, breathes its spirit of inquiry over every science, and with its "cui bono," its whys and its wherefores, puts the past to its test without a bow to "your Riverence." We must not, therefore, complain if the great fortress of Esculapius, with its massive turrets and elaborated enclosure, is battered and stormed like a citadel; or if, beside it, some pseudo-medical philosopher opens up his arsenal, and with sarsaparilla, seaweed tonic, life bitters, teething fluid, and cephalic pills, builds on foundations cemented with prepared glue *imposing* superstructures.

In all this there lurks, for us, no real harm. In such a profession as ours, founded in antiquity, and sustained, developed, and improved through centuries, we need sometimes to take reckoning, in order to appreciate it. Truth does not always move in unobstructed air-lines. It fronts the cave of Æolus, and often faces grim North-westers. Even in a seeming calm, gales spring up about it; but, though its progress is thus made zig-zag, the very adverse winds beat it forward. Although not an ocean steamer, plowing its way through the broad brine, careless of wind or tide, it is a little *Pinta*, beating hither and thither, not in vain. Though the crew are sometimes discouraged, and Faith below deck instead of at the helm, there are men like Columbus aboard, and faithful ones watching around the mast-head; and, when all is dark and mutinous, "I see a light" breaks the spell of the shoreless sea, and the very drift-wood tells of land. True science and true art, which are always practical epitomes of truth, have a similar experience, but need never fear the rude buffetings of change or the test of searching criticism.

Let us then fully to the question: Is medicine a science? True science has three prominent characteristics:

It deals with some object of nature, with a view of eliciting truth.

It has definite and determinate laws.

These laws are studied in reference to their practical application and results.

Surely our profession answers this first test of a science. It deals with the grandest object of nature in order to define its method of action. The sublimest combination of the handiwork of Divinity is the material for our specific study. If the natural philosopher, in the earnest investigation of his particular department, feels the thrill and joy of science, its poetry, its pathos, its logic—if, as he analyses the flower, questions the sandstone or fossil, or scans the heavens with magnified vision, he is engaged in scientific inquiry, how much more the physician, who, in one embodiment, can study both material and immaterial things, whose science is that of matter and its preservation; who has for analysis the most wonderful of mechanisms, the most admirable of combinations, and the most elaborate connections of cause and effect. The man of numbers may have to deal more with axioms and theorems, the metaphysician may soar higher into the regions of the Infinite, the natural philosopher, in his questionings of mother earth, may have a wider field from which to gather his cabinets and herbariums, and the astronomer a wider range through the star-lit avenues of space, but this microcosm, man, is equal to them all. In the construction of bone, so as to unite strength with lightnesss and mobility; in the arrangement of muscle and tendon, so as to secure mechanical power at no loss of space; in the organs of nutrition and assimilation, performing functions as elaborate and successful as the harmony of the universe; in the lungs, inhaling the sweet, rustling air, and transacting the unique chemistry of life; in the heart, lone prototype of perpetual motion, throbbing out the melody of life, the soul rhythm of humanity; in the ear, with its bony chain-work, and its labyrinth of waters rippling to the echoings of sound; in

the eyes, star planets of the mind, glorious in their orbits as Castor and Pollux, the Gemini of the zodiac; in the senses, all combining the material and immaterial as no science can fully display, and the whole subject to the nerve, net-work of organic and inorganic life—surely, I need no longer stay my course to prove that the science of nature is here enthroned in all the glory of its royalty. And the physician takes hold upon it just on purpose for investigation. To him it is the more than golden ore-bed of material, and its principles, by studious zeal perceived, constitute SCIENCE—not symbolized, but realized—not defined, but synonymed—not described, but felt like love.

Nor is it general in its character.

II. It has definite and determinate laws.

It deals with man specifically. It has to do with synthesis and analysis, and obtains decisive results by strictly scientific methods. If not demonstrative, like Euclid, it is definite with the logic of accumulated facts. Quinine and opium have their results as well as a binomial theorem. There are certainties in this world besides logarithms and logic. Because mathematics, as a pure science, is built only on self-evident truths, or because metaphysics is built on certain generally admitted truths, we are by no means to conclude that only these have determinate laws. When, indeed, as in the natural sciences, you bring together the various facts which observation has afforded, and thus have an assemblage of the general principles of an art, you really come directly back to the very kind of reasoning upon which rest all the truths of metaphysics, *i.e.*, you have as a basis generally acknowledged facts.

Experiment itself is an effort in a scientific direction, and when you classify the ascertained results of a series of well conducted, oft repeated experiments, you have experience, and that is as really a foundation and a part of real knowledge, as to rest upon the laws of personal identity or the axioms of numerical formulæ. Experience has the word experiment as its root, and success as its fruit, and by its arranged aggregation of facts, assumes all the strength and dignity and certainty

of a science. It is the general assent of the learned to these views, that has given the Baconian and Newtonian philosophies their hold on the reasonings of men. We have come to feel and know that it is safe to assume, that what is true of a vast numbers of individuals of a class, is true of the class ; and hence the inductive method of Bacon, and still more Newton, applying the relations of cause and effect to natural science has shown us, that deductions from these natural relations, as determined by repeated observations, are safe as foundations, and yield logical results. With such reflected light, it is not difficult to recognize medicine as a science with fixed and determined laws. We call Theology a science, not because it is finished and has no mysteries, but because with Faith as the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, it reasons correctly of God and of man in his relations to him. We call Law a science, because it has principles founded on eternal equity ; and though often pettifoggers go quibbling with it, and make it dispense injustice, it loses not its high behest. So we call Medicine a science, because it too has fundamental principles, and arrives at its conclusion by evidence derived from nature, experience and observation. We cannot select a single organ of the body in reference to which enough is not known to entitle the study thereof to the name of science, because of the specific laws which relate to it. We know from absolute investigation of organ and function, what kind of food is suited to the human organism, why pure air is necessary for the lungs, and what pure air is ; why heart and brain must suffer from causes that disturb the equilibrium of circulation ; why impression made upon the skin by sudden alternations of temperature must effect the inner man, and so of multitudes of facts of which these are but the passing illustration. Pathology too, as well as health, has its appreciable laws. Our profession includes within its pale a knowledge of the antecedents and sequelæ of disease, its cause, its cure, its effects. We *know* that as a rule, its anæsthetics and sedatives will control pain, and that other remedies are in certain definite and specified cases curative, and can rely upon them just as

well as the Mathematician, on the laws of Parallax, the Logician on the facts of established identity, or the Farmer on the general results of Agriculture. There may be possible and even unknown contingencies, interrupting the process of the law; but the mariner's needle, though it has its mysterious variations, is on the whole a faithful guide amid ocean billows. The learned and experienced physician knows that he can approach disease with scientific forecast, and while none in this or any other science are absolutely free from puzzling doubts, yet only those are skeptical who are unduly influenced by isolated cases, or who instead of lacking knowledge, lack the ability to practicalize and apply it.

In the character of the foundations upon which it rests and its superstructure, it will, in its harmonious subjection to principles, compare favorably with any of the sciences of material life. Although it is not a very Parthenon with every frescoe finished, and every column fluted and assigned, it is nevertheless an edifice with great huge blocks of granite truth for its corners, upbuilded with stones polished after the similitude of a palace, and better than if finished, each year is adding both to its solidities and adornments.

Nor need I spend long time in noticing the third respect in which medicine answers the description of a true science. The activities of our art are the standing proof that it is studied in reference to its practical application and results. It does not wrap the drapery of conscious greatness about it, and then lie down to pleasant dreams. It is studied, not for theory, but for practice. Having classified its truths, with admirable promptness, it brings them to apply to the daily necessities of life. It has no cold abstract formulas on which to prate, but with a living ardor submits each and all to the test of utility. Its constant effort is, mutually, to correct its science and its art by each other, to look to the one as the confirmative or test of the other, and it thus seeks to have good theory only that it may have good practice. Its whole object is result—such result as identifies the causes of disease and prevents them; as seeks their cure and overcomes them, or when acknowledging

their mortal power, controls, assuages and delays them. This, indeed, is science awake for a cause; and that the preservation and prolongation of human life. With such foundations, such aims, such devotion, it stands forth pre-eminently a science, in the subject with which it deals—the determinate laws which govern the utilitarian effort it puts forth.

I ask you next to notice it as a *progressive* science, and thus still more appreciate the glory of our calling. Where, in all the range of human investigation, will you find a field in which is displayed more of intellectual activity and patient research. Where will you go to find more of the enthusiasm of true philosophers ; more of the zeal of fond, devoted pursuit, or more rapid accumulations of the facts and principles which make up a science.

In order to measure its progress, we need not to commence with the history of medicine. We need only to retrace our steps within the bounds of the present century to perceive that our profession is all alive, not only with the spirit and power, but with the fruits of active advancement. Early in the present century a new idea, as to the proper basis of medical truth, commended itself to the professional mind. Too long had we relied upon the aphorisms of some prominent medical author, or upon the empirical popularity of individual practitioners. But a French work, under the title, "Medicine Illustrated by Observation and the Examination of Bodies," struck the key-note which was to be the guide of future and of successful investigation. The profession commenced, as it had never learned before, to look to ascertained facts, to statistical record, to anatomical and careful observation, as the only true bases of substantial advance. From dealing with general opinions, it came to inquire for specific facts. It studied disease, not only in view of symptoms, but of lesions. It penetrated into physiology that it might know what should be, and into pathology that it might ascertain what was. Broussais on Chronic Inflammations; Corvisart, Laennec, Grisolle, Bouillaud, and Hope, on the Lungs ; Lallemand, Martinet, &c., on the Brain ; Andral and Gavarret on the Blood ;

Rayer on the Kidneys ; Bichet in General Anatomy ; Collins and Ramsbotham in Practical Midwifery ; and multitudes of other more recent observers in every department of our science, have given direction and precision to our inquiries. A zeal arose to enrich medicine by facts, and to rely upon that kind of conclusion, of which intelligent examination, careful diagnosis, and an accurate enumeration of the ascertained phenomena of disease, in numerous classified cases, constituted the material substance. The profession came to feel that it must rest its claims as a science upon a careful study of relations of cause and effect, of organ and function, of attack and lesion, of disease and remedy, derived, not by any philosophical abstraction, or from results in a limited sphere, but from a numerical comparison of a large number of cases, in which all points should be stated with clinical exactness. Hence, the remark of Sir Henry Holland is fully justified, that "the methods of research in medicine at the present time have gained greatly in exactness, and in the just appreciation of facts, upon those of any previous period." This, of itself, is a grand progress, even were it only preparatory. But this rightness of method, and definiteness of system, is full of actual, practical results—a tree full of fruit for the healing of the nations. Diagnosis has become a science by itself, and, with admirable precision, we are often able not only to give name to disease, but to specify its locality, its extent, its stage—in fact, to have its full descriptive vividly before the mind ; and this is what we want, in order to lay right hold of it for treatment. There is glory and progress in the discovery of a little star, not so much because of the momentary result, as because it shows accuracy and zeal in investigation, and adds to the real material of a science ; and so each step in diagnosis is a discovery in the range of our profession which lights up the track of a hopeful destiny. But not in accuracy of diagnosis alone do we note advance. We have evolved therefrom, and from experience added thereto, actual treatment very different from the methods of the past. We study more accurately the relation between

remedies and disease in its particular stages. We know more of the action of remedies, as modified by circumstances. We see a reason why the medicine given in the second stage of pneumonia is not to be depended upon when grey hepatization has almost suspended vital action.

If the case be one of rheumatism, or pleuritic effusion, we can measure the relation of our medicine to the appearance of chlorides in the urine, or if the kidney is involved, tell with no small degree of accuracy whether the disease is to be treated as one functional or organic. Even in cases where, with all our knowledge, we are yet too often unsuccessful, we have dispensed with a great deal of false treatment, and, if we do not cure, we at least understand the design of treatment, and prolong life, and deliver the patient from long courses of ill-advised medicines. The action of remedies, too, has become an important part of our study. We have more definite medicines, can measure their effects more accurately, and suit them more judiciously to the invasions of disease.

If one doubts the progress of medicine as a science, let him but turn to the standard works of 1800 and those of 1865. Then the whole of medical science could be kept in a corner book-case, and, even of that, a larger proportion was speculative than now. Instead of chemistry you had alchemy, melting up medleys in crucibles, and looking in the dark for elixirs and magical stones; materia medica, with a little more sense, searching amid the luxuriance of vegetable life, and yet, but for a Cullen, scarcely a science at all. Uterine diseases were sadly misunderstood. Surgery, though bold, had not even enunciated much of what is now regarded as a part of its fundamental principles; and practical medicine was so exclusively an art as to be too artistic, and so little of a science as to be empirical. As for special anatomy, it was a very little infant. Physiology had but an indefinite meaning, and the oldest professor of Pathology in this country, who had not been born when the century commenced, has told me that when he returned from Paris and commenced to lecture, as he might be permitted to do, on pathological science, many

looked upon him as a medical visionary, and the first chair had to be made for him with misgiving.

As for the nervous system, as little was known of it as of the circulation of the blood before Harvey; and the whole of hygienic and sanitary science had scarcely been thought of as a part of the study of medicine.

Too often empiricism asserted royalty in dealing with diseases of the body, and the straight-jacket was the catholicon for the diseases of the mind. But now, turn to Virchow, amid the elements of molecular action, tracing the starting points of organic life; Clark on Clinical Pathology; Dalton in Physiology, and the fields of biological research; Barclay, Turner, and Da Costa, on Diagnosis; Hall, Séquard, and Bernard, on Nervous Affections; Watson on General Practice; to Velpeau, Miller, Sym, Mott, and Gross, on Surgery; and to multitudes of elaborate monographs on the specialties of our calling, and we have enough to satisfy us that outspeaking facts have taken the place of speculation, and that these have been so studied and classified as, in most cases, to form a part of diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment. Even where we have not reached the ultimatum of their application, we know that we have hold of the right handle, just as much as Sir Humphrey Davy, when he had discovered two or three of the alkalies, knew that he was on the road to scores of like results.

It would be pleasant, did time permit, to draw attention to other points illustrating the power of medicine as a science. There is, evidently, about it an attraction which awakens the most noble enthusiasm in the intellects and hearts of those who pursue it as such. To-night, could you take a passing glance into the offices and laboratories of our profession throughout the world, you would find an activity and enterprise which, of themselves, would stamp it with the sign-tokens of a true philosophy. Anatomists, amid unpleasant odors, by the midnight lamp, are still picking away, to discover the minute relations of the human organism. Microscopists are spending lone hours where no plaudits of stimulating audiences greet

them, revealing in the human world wonders as marvelous as those which the telescope notes as it traverses the loftier but not deeper depths of another science. The medical chemist is busy prying into the nature of poisons, or discovering new therapeutic combinations ; and so, in every department, there are zealous votaries, pursuing their investigations with a care, an accuracy, and a diligence, which would be inexplicable if they were not impelled by that love of learning which measures its devotion, not by the acquirement of wealth, or the huzzas of fame, but which, with a magical charm, binds the scholar to his pursuit, and fills his soul, as by a spell, with the inspiration of an indescribable enthusiasm.

Five or six years since, I was pleasantly chatting with a distinguished professor of physiology, when in walked a jolly old Irishman with a train of a dozen dogs. The professor sprang from his seat as if in an ecstasy of delight, and as he whistled and talked to them, and called them by pet names, and heartily commended and rewarded his successful agent, I could not but look upon it as quite a scene, and it was the first love of dogs for which I had ever had much respect. He was occupied in experiments which proved most important, and had been scant of material, and as I beheld his sprightly joy, his delighted familiarity, his forgetfulness of every thing but the objects of his scientific affection, it afforded me a perspective of the ecstasy of a true lover of science such as I shall not forget. There was pictured right out, as a stereoscope does it, the thrill of a scholar's zeal, in the consciousness that he had before him, the demonstration of great physiological and functional laws, and the method of illustrating how vital action is performed. And this is but a homely specimen of the true enthusiasm which warms many a hundred of those who are studying the philosophy of human life in its bearings upon health and disease.

Ours, too, is a God-adoring, as well as attractive science. The poor materialist may stop short of its glory and grandeur, and in dealing with matter, commit the same error that the rationalist does in dealing with mind ; but the true logician

who is not content with half conclusions, and who does not attempt to weigh with the balances of reason, that which reason itself teaches to be beyond its boundaries, sees in humanity and its construction just as it is, the highest proof of divinity—the image and superscription not totally effaced. He at times feels as did the ancient anatomists, who when they first sawed into the bony labyrinth of the ear and beheld its melodeon of bones, its winding channels, its pearly sea rippling to the waves of sound, dropped as by instinct their instruments, and together joined in a *Te Deum Laudamus* to the Maker.

From our profession as a science I pass briefly to notice it as a business. As we have to do with it as a livelihood, we are under the necessity of considering it and ourselves in practical relation to society. As well as a science and an art it is an occupation for support—a vocation—if you choose a trade, and as such it comes in contact with other callings and must be pursued in some respects on a common basis. As such, we claim for it all the rights which belong to any other occupation in which learning and culture are made conducive to support. It is a candidate for success as a living, as well as for scientific and artistic acceptance. It must bear its share of jostling in the crowd of business rivalry, and must expect to stand in part upon its business merits.

We think there are two classes of errorists in respect to medicine as a vocation. The one "Mens conscia scientia," hangs out its sign, and that is all. It uses no effort to sustain itself as a branch of human industry. It throws itself back on intrinsic merit, with more of dignity than of perceived power. It resorts to none of the usual efforts by which men build up a business. It feels that it deserves success and then leaves success to come as best it may through what it calls natural channels. It is over-sensitive, would not be suspected of having an eye to business, sneers at a man who attends to a specialty as if he were a medical sinner, talks much of punctilious ethics, and is as formal as a Romish archbishop in his robes. I have

known such men, appreciated only by the very few who know their real merit, living like artists and poets on hope instead of assets, worthy of admiration because men of honor and attainment, but still failing in the profession as a daily support, in a way that it is not necessary to fail, in order to preserve high models of professional self respect and ethical propriety.

Another class is more impressed with medicine as a business, than with it as a science or an art. They practice to make money, have an air of mystery about them as if in the secrets of patents, see no harm in pushing their claims upon the public, take advantage of every operation as a means of notoriety, cajole antiquated nurses that they may be recommended in private circles, ride very fast when not in a hurry, have a pressure of business Sunday mornings at church time, are specialists pre-eminently in self-esteem, and in a word, place themselves on the same footing with Yankee tradesmen and dealers in small wares.

Now there is a proper medium between these. There is such a thing as a legitimate business tact in the practice of our calling. The doctor should be above all petty arts, but there are arts which are not petty. His culture, antecedent to his profession, should be such as will enable him to express himself with correctness and ease, whether in conversation or with the pen, as well as to write elegant prescriptions. As a business qualification, and as a debt due his profession, no one more needs the culture and the heart of the true gentlemen. His approach to the invalid requires none of the studied etiquette of the mechanical formalist, but it does demand the happy ease of one who has learned how to adapt himself to the phases of human nature. There is the child who often needs by that true art, which has true feeling as its basis, to be brought into confidence, the modest sex who have a kind of felt repugnance to our art which deserves our respect, and which if properly appreciated grows into reliant trust, the man of business, anxious, restless, and perhaps unreasonable in his sickness, and all need to be dealt with, not only with medical skill, but with that discernment of character which

also becomes an element in treatment. There is not a calling in life, even including the other learned professions of which the masses of men and those well educated in other respects are so illy able to judge correctly. They can not measure the doctor by the same standard they do the minister or the lawyer, who deal with subjects of which the hearers know something, and hence, popular judgment is more often erroneous in physic than in anything else. We come in contact largely with the prejudices and impulses of men, at a time when by their anxieties they are easily moved to try various remedies in the hope of more speedy recovery, and we need, *not so much* from self-respect, as out of respect to our profession, to give it all the advantages of a favorable introduction. The polite bow, the quiet manner, the word of firm but tender kindness, the neat apparel and the general demeanor of cheerful thoughtfulness for the welfare of the patient, are never more in place than when illustrated by the medical attendant. True and manly adaptation of ourselves to varying circumstances, is a fit accompaniment of an adaptation of our remedies to the disease on hand, and the study of character belongs to the business of our art.

In the preparation of our medicines, too, we may use another kind of justifiable tact. We should study to make them taste better, and take much more pains to please the palate when we can do it without sacrificing strength or value. The people have a just claim upon elegant pharmacy. There is now little need of nauseous potions, and as the law of association is a law of life, strong in the cradle and growing to the grave, we should conform to the demand it makes upon us. There is no necessity that even the country doctor should be, to the child or the adult, the synonym of assofœtida and castor oil, and if you have ever been long sick yourself, you will appreciate that kind of natural inclination there is toward the attendant whose drugs are coated with sugar, fragrant with essential oils, or flavored with odorous extracts. We have no right, in justice to our calling, to allow paltry quacks, wth sweetened bubbles, in their *granular degeneration*, to steal away from truth, if possible, our very elect.

There is much discussion now-a-days as to specialties in medicine, and as to how far the regular practitioner may, in his business, give prominence thereto. We believe the tendency of some medical organizations is, to be too strenuous in reference to them. I for one see in them the highest hope for Progress. The scope of our science has become in the last half century enormously enlarged. It is now rather a family of sciences—a Banyan-tree with its grand old centre still intact, but the branches have arched over and taken root, and we have a noble group ; an academy amid whose groves, as did Plato and his followers, we may sit and sup each our relish of the fulness of Philosophy. One man can not now expect in perfection to encircle this forest-city, and our most frequent failures are in the attempt. It is only by joining hands that we can complete the round. Let each one feel himself as of the family ; draw nourishment from the same abundant source ; receive a full curriculum in every department ; and then choose his favorite branch. To be great aurists, oculists, stethoscopists, microscopists, dermatologists, toxicologists, orthopoedists, obstetricians, physiological, pathological, and chemical classifiers of all acute and chronic conditions, surgeons, apothecaries and physicians, is asking too much for three score years and ten. There must be division of labor in order to success ; and the time is coming when the general practitioner will dare to claim that he knows only what he does know, and will feel it to be a not unworthy part of his professional duty to serve his patient in divers other cases, by directing him to those skilled in a specific branch. The old distinctions, so well recognized in the British Empire, will ere long be revived here under a different kind of classification ; and medicine pride itself, not as complete in each practitioner, but complete because all its members will together make up a harmonious whole ; and the man of real merit and science, who puts up a modest sign of his specialty, will be criticized no more than he who by his M. D. proclaims himself a proficient in all. Thus will we find exaltation accruing to our profession, and be less in danger than now from imag-

inary and arbitrary distinctions. We shall then not fail to distinguish between those who, in a proper way, lay claim to superior skill, and those who, with gilded baubles, long advertisements, and vaunted cures, seek only cash and notoriety combined.

Let the practice of physic, as a business, have thus its definite plans and methods ; let love of it as a science and an art, and energy, high-toned devotion to it as a daily vocation, be the motive power, and it will not fail to place itself in a still more commanding position, and reap brighter and more golden rewards.

I HASTEN TO SPEAK LASTLY OF MEDICINE AS AN ART.

Old Playfair was right when he said, "a principle in science is a rule in art." It is difficult to dissociate art from its science, or science from its art. Wherever you find a real science, there you are sure, ere long, to discover a corresponding art. There is not always the same order of sequence, for sometimes the science gives rise to the art, and then again the art may introduce the science ; and oftener still, both are uniting their labors to luminate and advance each other. And so it is in our calling. The science and the art of medicine are indissolubly connected. They travel on in the same direction, not always just alongside, but still ever in intimate correspondence, aiding, abetting, and elucidating each other. *A true art always seeks to illustrate and apply science, and to test theory by utility.* The profession of medicine responds to these requisitions. It is so practical that it is called the practice of medicine. Its chief effort is to use its science and its art, both in direct application to the wants of man. With both, it aims at practical purposes, and has definite plans by which it operates for the benefit of humanity. It is eminently utilitarian in all its ends and aims. All art is so. Even the fine arts, with the exquisite pleasure they yield to the senses, and the culture they give to the developing taste, are humanitarian and utilitarian ; but still more, our art, as it seeks to give that sweet relief which follows the lull from ex-

cruciating pain, and to delay the pangs with which body and soul take parting, is aiming at one of the most useful offices which it can propose, as the goal of its ambition.

Our art, as such, has a threefold relation to humanity. Its designs are, 1st, TO CURE DISEASE; 2nd, TO PREVENT IT; and 3rd, TO RELIEVE PAIN. It recognizes these as three separate departments for its effort. It is not only the healing art, but the preventive and the soothing art. The true physician feels that he has in charge the physical welfare of his species, and nothing that relates to hygienic or preventive science is foreign to his occupation. In fact, as an art, independent of its relations to business, it has no higher triumphs than in seeking out and abating the sources of human misery. As it surveys the broad expanse of disease, it perceives how much of it is a direct result of a disobedience of natural laws, by the individual himself, or by those who have in charge the sanitary or municipal regulation of society, and the zeal of the true philanthropist, combines with that of the earnest physician, to strike at the roots and cut off the sources of human malady. Thus, in reference to the laws of health and diet, in the study of meteorological changes, and in various other matters bearing upon the physical status of the nation, we feel no small degree of interest and accountability, and realize that society and humanity have claims which can not be measured or discharged by pecuniary considerations, but which, like many an out-gushing effort of earnest devotion to one's pursuit, are rendered, because of a living interest, in all that relates to the material elevation and vitalization of the race.

But when our science can neither heal disease or prevent it, it still has a noble office to perform. When the body is writhing with the contortions of pain, and every nerve twinges with the sensitiveness of misery, there is something worthy of the name of art and science, too, in the man who can speak peace to the excruciating pang, and make quiet repose take the place of agonizing wailing. Yet this is not all. We know that we not only avert and relieve disease, but that we often cure it. We step in between life and death, and with

those remedies which the God of nature has placed at our command, turn aside the reaper, death, and restore health and strength to the prostrate form. However perplexing may be the indications in some cases, every physician can recall manifold instances in which he knows, as far as human certainty can go, that he has averted the stroke of the destroying angel, removed the barbed arrow rankling amid the life-blood, and can say of this or of that one: "I saved his life." Let others pursue the paths of fortune, and build their palaces of wealth, or run the race of fame, and listen to the plaudits of the forum and the stage; let the poet and the painter revel in the delights of their work and picture colorings, but write my name as one who strove to quell the fountains of human misery, to delay the progress of fatal disease, and ward off the strokes of earnest death—as one who learned to ease the pain and lull the anguish of bitter trial—who loved to work, and watch, and wait by the bed-side of suffering humanity, in order that mortal grief might be assuaged, and that mortal maladies might yield to the remedial agencies of our art.

I now further claim that, in all these respects, as a preventive, a relieving, and a curative art, medicine is progressive and successful. As we viewed its progress as a science, so let us view its progress as an art. Here again we do not need to extend our vision over the remote past, but can gather in abundant evidence from the scope furnished by the present century. At its commencement comparativly little was known of the relation of causes to disease. Certain facts, such as the spread of epidemics in specific latitudes, and the cessation of diseases by special influences, as when the burning of 400 acres of tenement houses in London stopped the Plague, had, indeed, long drawn attention to the fact that there was some connexion between atmospheric and constitutional changes, between locality and disease, but no definite method of investigation or law of action had been deduced therefrom. But now hygienic and sanitary laws have their definite applications. Though we can not trace the origin of such subtle causes as eliminate the poison of cholera, or the contagion of

certain fevers, yet, even in such cases, we know much that can be turned to practical account. We recognize enough of the antecedents of cholera, of the definite connexions between remittent fevers and miasm, and between human filth and the prevalence of typhus, to enable us to do much in diminishing their frequency, or modifying their severity. We know that certain measures as to cleanliness will secure immunity from many diseases, while the influence of proper drainage, good air, good diet, and contentment of mind, are appreciated and applied by the physician in many practical ways.

Besides, by the process of Vaccination alone, thousands upon thousands have been rescued, not only from death, but from disfiguring disease, and the greatness of the immunity and blessing, can scarce be appreciated, now that variola has ceased to be a sweeping, unchecked scourge. The value of preventive medicine has been so frequently illustrated in the last few years, that it no longer rests upon any doubtful evidence. Cities in which all curative methods have failed to arrest prevalent disease, have been delivered therefrom by removal of accumulated refuse, and it is not too much to say that were those laws of hygiene, which are no longer a matter of doubt, applied with earnestness and efficiency, the aggregate of sickness, in city and country, would be reduced not less than forty per cent., and that of premature death in proportion. Even in an economical point of view, such an application of these laws is desirable, inasmuch as disease and mortality deduct from the industrial wealth of a nation, but in the higher and more important aspect of blessing to humanity, there is the highest appeal to our professional and personal effort. The cities of Boston and Providence have well illustrated the value of such efforts in their permanent methods, and even New York and Washington been greatly benefitted by occasional awakening, but have been oftener standing proofs of neglect.

New York City, with its 5000 or 6000 cases of small pox the last year, is good evidence on the point; and the proportionate surplus of deaths by 6000 or 7000 is not to be accounted for by latitude or locality.

As to miasmatic diseases, their laws are so well understood that correct views, as to preventive measures, have often led to the relief of prevailing disease, by resort to practical methods of drainage, and the removal of obstructions to the flow of natural channels. Thus, by this one department of hygiene and sanitary art alone, thousands have been rescued from untimely graves, and tens of thousands from the long-continued inflictions of disease, and yet there is no field in which more remains to be done. Strange to say, here, medicine as a science is yet far ahead of medicine as an art; in other words we know far more of the general and specific laws of health, as applicable to individuals and to crowded communities, than has as yet found its way into practice or municipal regulations.

Not less, as a relieving art, has medicine recorded grand progress in the present century. The discovery of such an anesthetic as chloroform, or as ether, is of itself enough to crown our profession with honor for an age. Human pain and agony are sad and terrible things, and he is no small benefactor to his race who discovers, or whose business it is to apply principles and methods which lead to its relief. If we contrast the past age of medicine in this respect with the present, we have reason for joyful congratulation. To perform operations without causing a struggle or a moan, which once required the lashing-table and the strength of human force; to substitute the sweet, calm smile of quiet sleep, for the scream of distress, when the scalpel is penetrating nerves; and yet meanwhile, to accomplish the most skilful operations of surgery—this is a glory and a triumph of which any science or any art may well be proud. Could all the relief which has been afforded to human pain by chloroform alone be expressed by measure of quantity, or test of quality, or power of human language, you would have an aggregate of capacity, of choice selection, of thrilling delineation such as any mere conception fails to impress. Could a painter in one glowing picture present you the sum of relief and of comfort that thus our profession has bestowed, it would be worthy to take its place as an

image of contentment beside the sleeping Madonna; and could another portray the condensed misery and pain it has averted, it would be a portraiture with La Miserable as its name, and a part of Cornelius' "Last Judgment" as its model.

Nor are we to lose sight of manifold other methods of relief. The whole class of narcotics and sedatives have, with all their power, as a prominent design, the relief as well as the cure of disease, and how effectually and satisfactorily they accomplish it, patient and physician are often the happy witnesses. Improvements in ease and simplicity of treatment have added, in the last few years, much to the comfort of the sick or injured; and the whole practice of medicine is now pursued with less of inconvenience to the patient, and of less expenditure of that vital power which constitutes pain, than ever before. Thus, the art of relief becomes next in preciousness to that of cure; and unquestioned, may take a high position among well directed and philanthropic efforts.

No less progressive is medicine as a curative art. Where once it shook the head of doubt, and trembled with the presentiment of failure, it now advances with the firm tread of a reasonable certainty. While by reliable statistics it is able to show an appreciable, numerical gain in the management of old ailments, it cures others which were once consigned to the sad Golgotha of hopelessness, and grapples with disease, not to lull into unconscious security, but to renovate with the blushing ruddiness of restored health. It attempts cure by methods once unknown, and sustains their value by accurate experience. In every department, it reaches out with energetic hand, for all that reason can suggest and example prove, and hesitates not to subsidize to its service every thing likely to overcome or ameliorate injury or disease. Once dealing with disease by name, it now successfully defines its stages, and assigns its remedies, with no small degree of accuracy. Operations once considered hazardous, or not even proposed, have become an actual part of our science. Articles of Materia Medica, which were unknown, or so crude as not to be available, have had their virtues so extracted as to be manageable, and have taken

their place as valuable remedies; and in the department of Uterine disease an almost radical change has been inaugurated. The physician of the present day can approach almost any disease with a consciousness of valuable facts in possession bearing upon it, and in a large number of cases these facts are such as advance our art as much as they elevate our science. Notwithstanding the inroads of luxury, and the deterioration of physical stamina, which too much marks our age, careful statistics show that where the principles of our art are faithfully applied, there has been a uniform and appreciable decrease. Under improved hygienic regulations, Paris, since 1830, has diminished its percentage of death from one in thirty-two to one in thirty-seven. In London a corrresponding improvement has taken place, until the death rate is reduced to one in forty.

We next pass in conclusion to inquire whether medicine as an art is *successful*. This is in fact involved in the idea of progressiveness, for that scarcely deserves the name of a progressive art, which does not eventuate in advantage and success. But it may be well briefly to inquire to what extent the art of prevention, relief, and cure, as represented in the practice of medicine, is successful.

A general proof of the success of an art is to be derived from its antiquity, and from the estimation in which it is held by all civilized communities. While the deference and patronage which is often extended to empiricism may sometimes lead to disgust and doubt; yet this can only result from a circumscribed view of the area of our profession. While, ever and anon, some new system is vaunted and popular, yet the great fact stands out from the rubbish of all these false methods, that the regular profession still holds its way amid them all, and not a single system, which has stood the test of time, pretends to vie with it. The alchymists and vegetarians, the Thompsonians and hydropaths, the chrono-thermalists and eclectics, and many other upstarts whose very names are now forgotten, have passed away, as will Homeopathy in its turn, with the age begetting them, and the progress of the

world writes Nihil, as their epitaph. This alone shows that in the general estimate of mankind it is successful; for a profession in which are involved the actual life and health of the people, would not have had such perpetuity conferred upon it, in compare with other systems, unless in the main it had commanded the intelligent assent and approval of the world. This alone confers upon it, so far as the "vox populi" is concerned, the crown of successful competition, as having, in the long run, fairly and fully distanced its more pretentious rivals. Mankind have thus honored it, because in general they have recognized it as the most successful dispenser of the preservatives of life, and the restoratives of health; and that old English duke is yet worthy of admiration, who, in a time when Popery and Quackery were rampant in England, was taken sick, with incurable ailment, and when informed by his medical attendant that his disease was mortal, replied, "I am content, inasmuch as I am permitted to die in the faith of the regular church, and under the care of a regular physician."

But we need not rely for proof of success upon the general assent of mankind. Our advance is more demonstrative than this. When a man is writhing with the contortions of pain, as the result of intestinal irritation, and successive narcotics quell the griping monster, and relax the woful spasm, that relief which is as responsive to the remedy as ever effect is to cause, is quite convincing enough to the patient and to us. When the injured artery is pouring out the life blood, with the pale death damp settling on the countenance, and the well applied ligature is the thread which interweaves with the parting thread of life, and gives it strength for other years, the patient does not fail to see the connexion between his surgeon and his rescue. These are but specimens of numberless cases of direct demonstrative success, and besides these, there are thousands of others, which, although not so accurately sequent, yet can appeal for proof of success to the same kind of evidence deemed satisfactory in other vocations.

In dangerous diseases it is always safe to refer recovery to treatment, where the symptoms have been such as are gene-

rally fatal, and where the treatment adopted has been such as experience and statistics prove to have diminished the fatality of the particular disease. In respect to pleurisy, pneumonia, puerperal fever, typhus and many other diseases, we may rest our proof upon just this kind of evidence. In phthisis pulmonalis, although cure is seldom effected, we have many and indisputable principles of treatment, and that we are able to elevate the system above the consumptive mark, and to prolong life, we have all that kind of assurance which is furnished by increasing strength, diminished cough, higher vitality, and cessation of serious symptoms. In other cases, such as organic heart disease, where we can not change structure, yet we are able to make accurate diagnosis, and by warning the patient against certain contingencies, lead him to prolong his life, and thus secure a partial success. I knew a man with pulmonary aneurism, who, after treatment for consumption and divers other ailments, had his obscure case recognized by a learned auscultator, and not only was relieved from all doubt and long courses of ill advised medicines, but led to such a judicious course of regimen and life, as served to add much to his comfort and his days, and even this cannot be called failure. A profession which had no higher claim than that of thus securing partial deliverance, would not be cast out as useless, and much less, one which has in it so much of real success that we need scarcely allude to such evidences.

There is another kind of success, not attracting the public eye, which our profession has a full right to claim.

By the writings and opinions of medical men, a very great influence is exercised in behalf of public and private medical charities, which, while adopted in most civilized countries, is seldom traced to its primal source. As many a river is bounding with life, and bearing over its waters the commonwealth of the people, whose fountain-head away off in the quiet top of some rocky mountain has never mirrored a single face of those who travel on it; so these sources of correct physical law are unseen and unknown while the world is gathering in the rich reward of their labors. Thus, a large part of what has become

the common stock of enlightened humanity, as to the laws of life and health, and public provision therefore is due to the investigation and experience of our profession. Those noble charities which grace the world, with the realizations of a practical philanthropy, as exhibited in infirmaries and dispensaries, for the poor and needy ; in hospitals for the sick, the wounded, and the sore ; in asylums for the deaf and the blind, the outcast and the destitute, are in no small degree the direct outgrowth of our profession. If religion is the foster-mother, our scientific art is the foster-father. All over the broad area of Christian civilization, every asylum for the blind is a monument to the energy of Dr. Howe, who not only looked to their temporal wants, but invented the raised letters, which introduce them to the Bible and the literature of the world. The hospital upon the Alps, on the grand landscape slope of the Abendberg, which has demonstrated how much can be done to ameliorate the condition of the cretin and the idiot, is the life-work of Dr. Guggenbühl ; the idea of rescuing the drunkard from the wierd power of the spell enchantress' habit, by medical treatment, has been happily practicalized under the fostering care of Dr. Turner ; and never let it be forgotten, that the noble charity at Trenton, which confers upon our state all the honor due to a generous provision for the most unfortunate of her children, had its origin in the action of this society, and its inceptions in the minds and hearts of some who to-night honor us with their presence. In no profession is so much of service thus rendered without pecuniary reward ; and even the call of public institutions for the relief of their suffering inmates, is responded to by the very ablest men of the profession, without personal recompense. I speak after investigation of the subject, when I say, that in all countries a very large proportion of the public provisions made for mental and physical disability, its prevention and its cure, is traceable to our profession, and we need only to read their careful reports, to satisfy us how much of success has attended our efforts. Civil and political power have necessarily been called upon to consummate endowments, and to secure munificent pecuniary patronage, and thus have gene-

rally been regarded as the authors. But, behind all this, you will find the earnest labors of medical men, by essays, by appeals, by petitions, by expenditures of time and skill and money, touching the main springs which have started these mechanisms of philanthropy into motion. Their success is the success of our profession; and though the world may not register our names upon the tablet of fame's temple, in the eternity of knowledge, in the hidden registry of human benefaction, "Lo, Ben Adhem's name leads all the rest."

Another proof of success is to be found in the spirit and in the result with which we grapple new diseases. If diptheria, or spotted fever, or malignant pustule or other sudden epidemic invades a locality, how quickly medical men are on the alert to trace its history and to stay its deadly tramp; and even in such a class of cases, we are conscious of increasing success. Although we may not fully eliminate the poison, or eradicate the disease, we can and do meet it with the powerful antagonism of an earnest and a practical art, and generally have the satisfaction of seeing the severity decrease as we the more thoroughly study and treat it.

Besides all this, there are numbers of diseases now successfully treated which once bade defiance to all the investigations of our science, and the experience of our art. There are diseases of the eye, such as Iritis, which once consigned nine-tenths of those attacked to hopeless blindness, when now such a result is only the sparse exception. There are affections of the brain, such as the Hydrocephaloid disease, which a careful diagnosis, has so separated from acute dropsy as to save many a child. Diseases of the heart, the lungs, and the alimentary apparatus are much more definitely understood, and we know, from a comparison of aggregated results, that we meet them better than did our fathers, and almost every year improve upon ourselves.

In Uterine affections, the last twenty-five years have witnessed great modifications of treatment, and the operation for vesico-vaginal fistula has been but the prelude to local treatment of other sexual ailments, which has lifted many a sigh

from off the sorrows of womanhood and returned many a chronic invalid to the useful happiness of restored health. A new era has dawned upon this department; and new and surprising success is attending those who keep pace with the advance.

In the domain of surgery it would be too tedious to particularize the progress. With chloroform as the presiding almoner of peace, the dislocated joint, by scientific manipulation, falls into its socket without the seven mechanical powers; and French surgery, during the past year, even reports the reduction of a broken neck. The broken bone no longer consigns the patient to weeks of bed-ridden impatience, and exsection and resection preserve many a limb, once buried before its time. The system of extension and counter extension no longer means a cumbersome appliance of boards, and bandages, and dragging weights, but with simple adhesive plaster, or Smith's anterior splint, ease and motion are alike secured. The pitiable sufferer from hip disease, no longer lingers long months of weary confinement, but with well adjusted splints walks forth to breathe that air which is health to his bones and doeth good like a medicine.

The swollen epiglottis no longer necessarily proves fatal, and had George Washington lived in our day his valuable life might have been prolonged for many years. Plastic operations, if we can judge from growing custom have made hare-lip popular, while the orthopœdist has no apology to offer for any limping Mephibosheth he may meet.

The beautiful system of arterial lignature, as with silken or silver thread, it has passed from one success to another, has recorded the grandest triumphs of modern surgery, until since last we met, it has reached the climax of its achievements in a successful tieing of the ateria innominata. With wounds and bruises and putrifying sores we deal in a simpler and more successful way, while diseases of the joints are less fatal than formerly. Hernia admits of many a radical cure, and encysted dropsy, and ovarian tumors are not unfrequently relieved by operations, which by their extent, and length, and boldness, seem to the unpracticed eye almost superhuman. Contracted

tendons yield to mechanical contrivances; and spinal curvatures resume the graceful symmetry with which nature has elaborated the great flexible column of upright humanity. Scientific ingenuity has provided us with the microscope, the ophalmascope, the laryngoscope, in such rapid succession, that we have yet only partially profited by their augmenting revelations. Numberless minor instruments have simplified or rendered possible many operations; wooden limbs are walking as if with the comfort and agility of living calibre; and in the various departments of mechanical appliance we are daily proving, by our success, how much can be done externally to overcome the invasions of disease and injury.

In a word, our profession in all its departments, is teeming with the trophies of recent success, and is bidding its votaries to keep pace with its advancing triumphs.

As thus we have glanced over the field of vision presented in this hasty review, there is found enough to thrill the heart of science with zealous enthusiasm, and to warm the practitioner of medicine with all the glowing energy of a living, advancing art.

Such, my fellow laborers, is the noble calling which we have selected as ours, among the learned professions. In the name of all that is precious in humanity, of all that is joyful in the ecstacy of advancing knowledge and successful application, I bid you hail! Called by your kind preference to the highest honor within the gift of the Profession of this State, I desire to magnify my office only by endeavoring to arouse one and all to an adequate appreciation of the power and progress of our noble vocation. When I address you as the Fellows and Delegates of the State Medical Society of New Jersey; I call you by no common name. With it are intertwined not only the precious memories of ninety and nine years full of friendship and renown, but the devotion of true men to a glorious, scientific art; the majestic campaign of an organized battalion against the encroachments of disease; the unflinching valor of tried heroes, battling with life-energy against the grim forces of Death. It is the combination of learning and

experience ripened into accurate judgment, and wielded with intelligent skill, in order that the aged grandparent may still occupy the good old family chair; that the bonds of conjugal affection, cemented in love, may not be rudely severed by the untimely separations of the grave; that the prattling cherub may still cheer the household with his ringing laugh; that the fond parents may still gather their loved ones, like olives, about the table, and that all the sweet amenities that render life a social, holy joy, may be prolonged as much as the instability of the world will permit.

Consecrated to such work, we meet, that our plighted vows may be renewed. We review the past, that we may gather strength for the future; we grasp the hand of professional friendship, that we may warm our mutual sympathies to nobler and stronger endurance. We trace our progress, and record our success only that we may rise up and tread the road that leads to more; we compare our experience, that each may profit by that of the other, and thus hope to return to our respective fields of labor, the better prepared to meet the exigencies of disease.

Thus, in our own appropriate spheres, we will do our part to make America, in the triumph of her arts, coequal with America in the triumph of her arms. Over all the broad domain we will spread the protecting ægis of the Healing Art; and while others are battling for the nation's life, with the booming roar of the sea-fight or the terrible conflicts of the battle-field, we will bring sanitary and prophylactic science to bear, in hold, hospital and camp, will care for the people's health with the well directed effort of good Samaritan administration; and, when at home, the strength and glory of the land, its men, its women and its children, are prostrate with disease, unheralded as the dew, noiseless as the sun, we will dispense those remedies, which, with the blessing of God upon them, will give strength, and health, and vigor to the land. With such high resolves and strong desires, let us welcome each other to these deliberations, hoping and expecting benefit from this fraternal and professional interview, and from

hence shall we return to our duties, with invigorated determination to act well our parts as members of that profession, whose foundation is a true science, whose superstructure is a growing temple of successful art, and around whose Doric pillars, Religion, Philosophy, Philanthropy and Humanity bind the chaplets and entwine the garlands of their majestic approval.